

3. Trouble is trouble a rowing through my breast
As long as I'm living, boys,
They ain't a gonna let me rest
I know they're going to hang me
Tomorrow I'll be dead
Though I never even harmed a hair
On poor Laury's head.

Chorus

4. In this world and one more
And then reckon where I'll be
If it wasn't for Sheriff Grayson
I would be in Tennessee

You can take down my old violin
And play all you please
For at this time tomorrow, boys
It'll be no use to me

Chorus

5. At this time tomorrow
Where do you reckon I'll be?
Way down in yonder holler
Hanging on the white oak tree.

Chorus

If one analyzes the song, the first two refrains sound as if they were the prosecution presenting the indictment; the last three are Tom Dula protesting that he is innocent and going to martyrdom. This led us to ask Doc why he was so sympathetic to Tom in face of the evidence presented in the trial.